

# Light of Truth.

An Exponent of the New Philosophy of Life, Here and Hereafter.

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Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## Led to the Light.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER XVII.  
THE HOME-CIRCLE.

"I have been sustained by an influence superior to myself," said Asphodel, "or I could not have survived."

"You refer to the strength given you by religion?" asked Canning.

"Not that. Something more than religion. Something I can not describe. At times my Flo seems with me. I have felt her arms around my neck, and her soft cheek against mine. You may call it delusion, but, oh, it is the sweetest mortal ever knew."

"I have a paper, given me by a friend who has been lately attracted to Spiritualism," said Stella. "He called my attention to a beautiful story, which he said contained a belief of Spiritualists in regard to the care of children in the spirit world."

"Pray read it for us, Miss Stauwick, for, I assure you, I hold not lightly the unseen world."

Stella read the story with the soft, effusive tone harmonizing with the subject, at times her voice trembling with emotion.

SHALL WE BE NEW ANGELS?

A golden-haired girl was Lohle, with blue-eyes in which sunlight danced on the cloudiest day, and her voice was music. To her the world was a wonder. There rested on her face a look of constant expectancy. How she came to stray out of paradise none could tell and she had forgotten. Her surprise at the strange scenes of this world remained.

"What are you doing, Lohle?" asked her mother one Summer evening.

"Looking at the stars; are they living beings?"

"Living? Ah, no, my child, but they are sometimes called the watchfires of our guardian spirits, burning in the azure fields of heaven."

"Why do we not go up there and visit them?"

"We can not go until we become angels."

"When will that be?"

"When we die."

"When we die we become angels! Ah, that is glorious! Then we shall go there?"

"Yes, and I presume the angels will be glad to welcome us. You know Cousin Bertha and little brother, they are there and we shall see them."

"And then we shall be new angels," cried Lohle gleefully.

"Blessed little brother who was too small even to have a name here, I wonder what the angels call him! Who do you suppose cares for him? Of course he can not care for himself."

"I presume grandma clasped him in her angel arms and cares for him, as she did for me when I was a helpless child."

"Oh, I would like to see grandma! I remember how dark was that stormy day when they placed her in the grave, and I shuddered at the sound of the clods falling! You told me then that she left her old house because she could not live in it any more, and had become an angel. It was good of her to go on and prepare to welcome us."

The winter came and on a bleak day a white casket, moistened with tears, was lowered into a little grave. On its lid, in white roses was written "Lohle."

Her spirit that always appeared surprised and a captive from a fairer clime had broken its fetters. Oh, that hour of agony for those who sought to hold her back! Her blue eyes reflected a new light, she struggled slightly for breath, stretched out her tiny hands and murmured:

"Grandma—Bertha—I shall be a new angel—good-bye—"

She had found a heaven in the love of the dear ones who received her; whose memory she had cherished like a sweet perfume, and found that the angels had given the little brother who had no name, one soft as music.

"A sad, sad tale, so reminding of our darling Flo," said Asphodel.

"Here is an article on 'How to Hold Circles and Receive Communications from the Departed,'" rejoined Stella. "It says that there is a medium in every family, and if we desire to converse with our spirit friends we should gather around the family table, where so many times our dear ones have met us; where of all places they would prefer to be, and with earnest prayer and patient hearts, await whatever message they find possible to give us."

"That is quite different from my preconceived ideas," said Arling. "I supposed that the only avenue was through public mediums, whose brazen advertisements repelled me."

"If I could receive communications in this manner," said Canning, with deep feeling, "from those who have passed the portals of death, if I could identify a single rap, at which we were sitting by ourselves, I would regard the wealth of the world as nothing in comparison."

"Why not test the matter?" said Arling. "If we can receive communications in this manner from our spirit friends, it is the greatest fact in existence. If it is false it devolves on the clergy and controllers of scientific thought to controvert it."

"You do not then fancy that there is danger of our evoking his satanic majesty or evil spirits of the vasty deep?" playfully rejoined Canning.

"I have receded from the old beliefs and approached your position so far that I am not frightened by a personal devil, and past the danger signals of the Witch of Endor talking with evoked spirits. What I want to know, what every fibre of my being demands to know, are there spirits, and if they can communicate with us. Do you know that since our daughter's death I have felt such a doubt as I never felt before. Since the foundations of my belief in man's origin were swept away, I have been overwhelmed, and the holy word has been weak indeed! My soul has cried out continually that death is the close, and the curtain then goes down on the stage of life forever. If Flo could die, giving no sign, nor return even to whisper one word, what can the next life be? Nothing. Let us sit around the table by all means. Let us be prayerful, and if God allows one of his angels to give us a sign; to lift the veil for one glimpse over the river, no angel in heaven will be happier than I."

They drew around the table, subduing the light of the lamp suspended above it, and placed their hands on its surface. It must be confessed that they experienced a gruesome feeling, by thus attempting to enter the mysterious, yet a devotional sentiment dominated in the hope of the realization of their desire. They sat for half an hour, and there was no intimation of anything unusual. Then there came an electric thrill, running from hand to hand, and Stella slowly closed her eyes, and her head drooped as in sleep. After a time she

raised her head and there was a radiance on her countenance like that pictured on the faces of saints. In a voice distinct, yet scarcely above a whisper, she said:

"They have come to us! Oh, the beauty and glory that is theirs. Here is your wife, Mr. Canning, for whom you have mourned many years. She bends lovingly over you and is glad that you treasure her with unfaltering love. She shows me a picture. It is of a river, with wooded shore. You are in a boat rowing, and she and her sister are with you. A steamer passes; the waves overturn the boat, you are all thrown into the water. You grasp both your companions, and succeed in sustaining the one, who afterwards became your wife, until a boat came to your rescue; the other escaped you, and floated down the river, to sink and rise no more."

"You revive a scene which transpired twenty-five years ago, with wonderful accuracy," impressively said Canning.

With a sigh she turned to Asphodel. "Our Flo! Oh, how beautiful is our Flo! She is in your lap, her arms around your neck! Oh, how sweet she is and affectionate. 'Papa, mama,' she says, 'can't I be seen by you? You went out to the grave yesterday. Your tears made me sad. Do not cry any more, mama! Auntie says not cry.'"

"I will not, I will not," sobbed Asphodel.

"There is another spirit, a strong man, venerable with years, you know him, he was professor of—of Greek, his name—his name—I can not get his name."

"It must be Mantell," eagerly said Arling.

"He bows in response," replied Stella. "He is glad you remember him. He comes to give you farther demonstration."

As she spoke, the table tilted on one side and gently fell. Not a paper moved, and a pencil did not roll off as it ordinarily would have done. It continued tipping, and, when Arling asked questions, responded.

Then Stella said:

"This beautiful vision must soon fade, and I awake. They desire us to meet again to-morrow evening, and then you will see what I now see."

"Shall I see Flo? Do you say that?" eagerly asked the bereaved mother.

"You shall see her, my dear sister. Give me your hand now. I must awake."

She opened her eyes languidly, and the glory of the vision became as a dim, half-forgotten dream. She was oppressed and annoyed by congratulations she scarcely comprehended.

They met again the next evening. As they were seating themselves at the table, a low whine at the door told them that Brownie had come for his supper. They opened it, and the noble fellow came in. Having placed his supper before him, Asphodel resumed her place.

"Poor Brownie," she said, "he is wearing himself out staying on dear Flo's grave. He is more devoted than we with all our tears, and shames our poor affection."

Contrary to his usual custom, Brownie, instead of asking to be let out, sat on his haunches before the grate and appeared contented to stay.

"If all our friends fail and adversity is harsh," said Stella, "our dog is not less devoted. I hope Brownie will stay—to—," her head gently reclined, the wonderful radiance came over her face as she exclaimed: "Darling Flo, I see you again!" She then gave vivid descriptions of various spirits, and told them to turn the light lower and wait without allowing their curiosity to become over-excited. They waited for nearly an hour in silence, and then they observed in the space between Stella and Asphodel a cloudy spot, like floating gauze, which moved and expanded. As they eagerly watched, it perfected a human form, the drapery falling in exquisite folds, and the face strengthening until the dear little Flo stood before them with all the distinctness of life. Her mother would have rushed to her and clasped the airy form in her arms, had she not been cautioned by Stella, who kept reading every thought, and forestalled her action. Then came a thrilling scene. Brownie had eagerly watched the growing form, sniffing the air, and whining as was his habit when excited. When the form became distinct, he sprang forward with a joyous bark and frisked round and round in mad delight. He came in front of her and looked up into the face of the spirit. She put out her hand and placed it on his head. He was repelled and seemingly could not approach beyond a fixed limit. Slowly Flo approached her mother.

"Promise that you will not move, nor give way to the impulse to embrace her," said Stella.

The child came nearer to her mother and kissed her. As she did so the contact even of lips appeared to break the delicate conditions by which that shadowy, translucent form was held in seeming resemblance of earthly life. It began to fade, but gliding toward Stella, it again brightened as a flame.

"She wants her table-chair brought to the table where she used to sit," explained Stella.

Mr. Arling placed the chair by his side, just as it was when she was in earth life. She floated up and sat down, clapping her hands in glee. The association brought to her mind the brief days of her earth days. Her thoughts became confused, and a look of pain came over her sunny face. She stretched out her hands and called "mama." Such was the intensity of her effort that they heard the word as though struck by a silver bell.

"Who cares for you, darling?" asked her mother with choking voice. "Are you alone?"

The child turned her beautiful eyes questioningly to Stella, who replied:

"Her attendant is with her, but has given attention to making you see Flo, and can not be seen by you."

"Was she unknown to you? Did you go darling among strangers?"

"Do you think the good Father would send her among strangers?" said Stella. "We had a sister, who went from us years ago. Our hearts were sad when we placed white roses on her breast. We have a sister, who came for Flo, and is her spirit mother. She was so much like you, and now she is like a snowy lily and her azure eyes are clear as the depths of the heavens. Oh, that I might be as pure, as angelic as she!"

"What blessed relief you have given me! If she is with our sister, she is well cared for."

A smile came over the face of Asphodel, a peace, such as had not rested there since the terrible moment which had robbed her heart of its joy.

The cloudy form floated toward the grate, becoming lost in the light which the embers gave. Brownie walked round the spot where it vanished, and, with a contented expression, threw himself down before the fire. He had found his lost mistress, and was contented to stay with her.

On the side of the room where Mr. Canning sat, another cloud began to appear, and rapidly developed into the form of a lady, exquisite in grace and features. He sat as one entranced, when suddenly, springing up with extended arms, he exclaimed:

"My own lost wife!" As he approached the form floated back, evading his grasp.

"Be content," eagerly exclaimed Stella. "Do not, I pray you, touch the form."

With this caution the spirit was assured, and motioned for the light to be turned up, and approached Mr. Canning. She reached out her hand to him, and her expression was of unspeakable tenderness. He took the airy hand in his, and, carried away by the intensity of his feelings, was about to clasp her in his arms, when, with quick movement, she evaded him, and the force thus disturbed, became a wavy cloud, trembled a moment and disappeared. The disturbance was reflected on Stella. She sat pale, trembling, with scarcely perceptible breathing. After a time she recovered and described clairvoyantly the spirit of a young lady. She gave a scene in the spirit's past life. The spirit was a mortal and was with a man in a dark street. He struck her a blow and she fell. Then he struck her again and fled. Now she recognized with evident pleasure Sherwood Canning, and saw him approach the prostrate body and lift it up.

"Yes, yes, you are quite clear," said Canning eagerly, "and now you must trace the man who struck her down."

There was a long silence, and then the clairvoyant said:

"It is dark; I get no trace. I can not go unless I have something to follow."

As the hound meeting crossing scents, loses the course, failing to distinguish, so the clairvoyant is limited and must have well-defined lines to follow.

"I am no longer a doubter," exclaimed Canning. "This hour life has, to me, received a new meaning. It is a thousand-fold brighter. I have now something to live for; something to die for. The pleasure of the past twenty years is not equal to the happiness of this one hour."

"I fully endorse your every word," said Arling, "and more, for this hour has changed the current of my life. You shall not hold me back longer, my friend. Here is the living gospel of life and of light. We have found it and our duty is plain—to spread the glad tidings of great joy. I have wandered in darkness and doubt; now I have absolute knowledge."

"Ah, yes, I shall hold you back until the time is ripe. You are not ready. We have seen only for two hours. We must witness a diversity of manifestations and the philosophy is yet to be studied."

"I have been climbing a mountain summit in the night. Deep shadows have been around me. Now and then I have caught glimpses of the rocks and trees below, and through the clouds a few stars of heaven. Suddenly, the sun has arisen, dispelling the darkness, and my horizon lifts and broadens as the world beneath and the skies above."

"We can not doubt ourselves," said Asphodel. "Stella would not deceive us, and could not."

"In the presence of such facts," replied Canning, "the hackneyed theories of illusion, electricity, or unconscious mental action, are not worthy of consideration. We have been presented with identified intelligence, which, knowing more than we, commanded forces we know nothing of. Skepticism here is puerility. If I should not be fortunate to ever see anything more of this kind, my belief would be knowledge and stay with me. I have proudly resisted the fear of the approach of death, but this brings perfect peace in the assurance of perpetual being."

To Stella it was as a dream. She awoke to a sense of a double existence, strangely interwoven and blended. Never having doubted the reality of another existence, she could not understand why Mr. Arling and Mr. Canning should be so enthusiastic over what they had received. Afterwards when the exaltation of the superior state had passed and she came fully back to mortal life, she realized the penalties those sensitively endowed are compelled to pay. Then came the depression of mind corresponding with its preceding elevation and the sense of a double existence. In the severe realities of the sensuous life the scenes which flash in rainbow glory on the sensitive mind become as fading dreams, and, at times, doubts as to their reality torment with their illusions as will-o'-wisps the belated traveler.

[To be Continued.]

[Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

## SPIRITS EARNEST DEFENCE.

H. EHRETSCHAUER.

Allen Putnam in his book, "Post-mortem confessions by officers of Harvard College," page 108, says: "Time was, and with many it has not yet ceased, when open and avowed advocacy of Spiritualism cost something."

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[To be Continued.]

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## SPIRIT CONTROLS.

CELIA LOUCKS.

I want to say a few words about them. I have been at different times in rapport with different spirits. My mediumship materially changes, and sometimes unpleasant circumstances, has often been disturbed and somewhat broken. I have not always known who was with me as manifesting spirit.

Years ago, perhaps eleven or twelve, I was told the name of a spirit who controlled me different times, and who seemed much with me. The name was William Ellery Channing, or Dr. Channing. My mother, when I was home last fall, spoke of past times, when his influence would cause me to talk, and she said it was always beautiful. I knew nothing about him then, and but very little now. I have grown to know when his spirit influence is inspiring me to write or talk.

Last summer, and the night before I sat for a spirit picture with Foster, I asked mentally for the pictures of my brother, Lillie, a niece, and my leading spirit guide. On the photo are two very distinct faces; a third one, which I recognize as my brother's, is discernible now, but was not at first. All three are large size. One face rests its chin on my hair. It is a very impressive-looking face, with clear-cut intellectual features and high spirituality. It fascinated me, and I wondered who it was. While at Kelloggville Mrs. Wood said to me, "Why do you not try to find out who it is?" I said, "I did not want to put out effort to know, I might make a mistake; when it was right I would know."

Sitting at a table soon after for a seance, and while waiting for some others to be seated, I saw over the table in bright letters, "William Ellery Channing." Later on I was strongly influenced by a spirit who gave the above name. After the seance was over Mrs. Wood sat down to the organ and played. While I listened I felt impressed to ask for a history, if she had a late one. She got me one. I did not know why I wanted it, but in turning the leaves I found the picture of W. E. Channing. I never saw his picture before. I compared the photo with it; excepting that the picture in the book shows the lines which age brings, it is the face of the photograph, even to a lock of hair fallen downward on the forehead. Is this not fair evidence of spirit control?

In the opening of a recent address Mrs. M. A. Freeman said that the Rev. Jasper and the United States Senate stand on the same platform, in that the belief in a flat earth and the divine day are but survivals of the same superstition.



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

(Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

### The True Science of Life--The Threefold Constitution of Man.



PROF. JOS. RODAS BUCHANAN, M. D.

Medical science, as taught in the colleges to-day, has a false basis, which is quite sufficient to account for its numerous failures and its chaotic condition. Positive science is that in which all students or teachers are agreed, as in mathematics, astronomy, zoology, botany, etc., and when the students of any so-called science are divided into four or five antagonistic parties, each denouncing the other as a false pretender, or even an imposter, and even refusing the ordinary courtesies a nonp gentlemen, it is very certain that no one of them is in possession of a complete and reliable science. Thus the entire medical profession stands self-condemned to-day by the vehement denunciations of its most learned members, of whom a score of the most eminent have not only denounced their professional rivals, but have sharply censured their own system of practice. I refer especially to the language of Dr. Johnson and Dr. Forbes, at the head of the two leading medical reviews of England; Sir Astley Cooper, the most eminent surgeon; Magendie, the greatest physiologist of France; Sir Thomas Watson; Dr. John Mason Good and Professor Mackintosh, of England; and Dr. Benjamin Rush, the most eminent American physician of his day.

The fatal defect of all collegiate systems is that while they profess to explain the constitution of man and to treat all his diseases of mind and body, they have never explored the constitution of man, and do not understand it, and do not even claim to understand it thoroughly; and consequently have no sufficient foundation for these empirical systems of practice.

The most learned men of the profession—even my illustrious contemporary, Virchow, who is now being honored in London, and who has been in the profession almost as long as myself—are unable to contradict this statement, for they have been cultivating (with great assiduity and skill) only one third of the constitution of man!

Man has a body. I do not say man has a soul, for the truth is man is a soul, and has a body. The soul and body would be the entire man if the soul could handle the body by residing in it. But it can not, for physical life and psychic life are too far apart, and hence the soul needs an intermediate organ, the brain, which is sufficiently physical to act on the body, and sufficiently elevated in its nature and wonderful structure to be a proper residence for the soul.

Man, therefore, has a triple constitution; the soul which has a purely psychic existence; the body which is a subordinated physiological or physical instrument; and the intermediate brain, in which are the powers that command the body and give it life (for the arrest of the action of the brain on the body is immediate death), and also all the organs by which the innumerable faculties, feelings, and characteristics of the soul are manifested. Thus we have the supreme and eternal psychic power, the transitory and decaying physical structure, and intermediate between them, the psycho-physiological structure manifesting the soul and ruling the body.

Which of the three is the most important and most worthy of study—the eternal soul in which is all of which we are conscious; the brain that it rules and vitalizes; or the body that is ruled and vitalized by the brain? Is not the eternal power in the realm of causes more important than the structure which it controls in the realm of effects, and which not only daily decays, decomposes, and changes, but finally goes back to the dead elements of the earth?

Is not the brain, as the master of the body—dignified and refined by its intimate association with the soul, and amazing us by its wonderful structure of millions of fine elements which were almost unknown at the beginning of this century, and are not even yet thoroughly explored—a more profound and important study than the body, since in the brain we must reach both soul and body, and understand their relations to each other, revealing the very foundations of all physiological and pathological action in the body, and at the same time giving us access by the only method known to man to the interior structure, laws, and operations of the soul, and revealing (in psychometry) those transcendent powers which give us the loftiest wisdom and insert practicality into this life, as well as an eternal progress of wisdom in the next?

If the medical profession has mastered only the inferior third of the constitution of man, leaving its far nobler and more powerful superior two-thirds as unknown as were the functions of the heart before the time of Harvey, is it not a scandalous fact that the profession as a whole (with a few exceptions) has been contented with its professed ignorance, and, with a dogmatism worthy of the heretic-burning Catholic Church, has not only endeavored by severe penal laws in almost every State to force upon the people its crude and half-developed science, but has positively arrayed itself (even worse than in the time of Harvey) against all exploration of the nobler two-thirds of humanity!!

If failure in the performance of duty be a sufficient cause for the dissolution of any corporation, every medical college in the world might be justly indicted and robbed of its incorporate powers. Nor would such a sentence be against the public welfare, for their students, no longer under dogmatic discipline, could study with private preceptors in absolute freedom, in close sympathy with the patients, instead of medical combinations, and would stand upon their real merits instead of imposing upon the public by honorary titles.

That the profession, as a whole, and most certainly its colleges, are guilty, as I have stated, is known to all Spiritualists, for the whole power of the colleges is arrayed against our exploration and demonstration of the soul of man, no

matter how perfect and irresistible our scientific demonstrations; and that they have been equally opposed to the scientific exploration of the functions of the brain for fifty years. I can personally testify, for my demonstrations of the entire functions of the brain (psychic and physiological), which convince every individual and every committee that has investigated, has never been sought or encouraged in any medical college unless I was a member of the faculty, and thus enabled to control their action.

Is it not time that this disgraceful condition should end? Ever since 1834 I have been determined that blind dogmatic ignorance should not control the destiny of man by keeping him ignorant of his brain and his soul—ignorant of the philosophy of disease and insanity; ignorant of the true pathway of progress; ignorant of the relations of heaven and earth; and ignorant of his own nobler powers which are destined to work his redemption and elevation.

In "Therapeutic Sarcognomy," the "Manual of Psychometry" and "The New Education" I have given much of the results of a half century of work (to be compiled hereafter in the "Syllabus of Anthropology"), and in the College of Therapeutics I invite all earnest and benevolent souls to unite with me in the work of redemption, by learning the true constitution and the nobler powers of man, and upon that basis introducing the true healing art, which will banish the false and debasing theories that for 2500 years have rested with leaden weight upon the soul of man.

Intolerant dogmatism belongs to the barbarian ages of the human race, and whoever attempted a few centuries ago to introduce rational thought under the dominion of the Catholic Church (the apostate Church that claims the name of Christian) was burned, hanged, slaughtered, drowned, tortured, or buried in a dungeon, and for some time the same intolerance continued among Protestants. In like manner the Catholic Church of dogmatic medicine has done its utmost to suppress free investigation, and even the Protestant rebellions of Homeopathy and Eclecticism have not entirely relieved themselves of the old intolerance, or welcomed the free expansion of science.

But the Temple of Esculapius must be built upon the entire breadth of the threefold constitution of man, and not upon the narrow foundation of his mechanical structure, and its chemical operations, as that is a rotting and transitory body, so is the pseudo-science, which is built on that perishable foundation, a temporary and perishing structure, and the twentieth century will repudiate the brainless and soulless physiology of the nineteenth, as every century buries the follies of its predecessors.

A human being born without a brain is called an *acephalous monstrosity*, fit only for burial, and such will be the fate of the acephalous physiology that occupies the colleges to-day. Such physiology is truly unscientific and leads into the grossest errors, as I have shown in *Therapeutic Sarcognomy*, and also leads into calamitous errors in medical practice. But the substitution of a true for a false basis in science is a work in which colleges do not engage to-day, any more than in the days of Galileo. Hence I do not now think it worth while to appeal to them, but appeal to the more enlightened public, who are not averse to studying the soul of man and acquiring the knowledge that may prolong their lives as mine has been prolonged beyond my contemporaries, the majority of whom have been the victims of the ignorance from which the world should be relieved, and when it shall have been relieved the average life of man will extend to twice its present little span.

Los Angeles, Cal., 130 S. Spring Street.

(Reported for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

### THE QUESTION OF LAND.

WM. DENTON (THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF —).

In the discussion of the great social problems we propose to go beyond the antagonism and one-sidedness of partisans to the great principles which underlie the seemingly fortuitous application in affairs. We seek for the knowledge of the causes out of which the disastrous effects have flowed, and thereby seek the means by which the social state of mankind may be bettered.

The child born into the world has a right to breathe the air and drink the water, which no one questions. There is such an abundance that there can be no ownership or monopoly. But there is another important element of existence: that of food. How is it to be obtained? By labor, and that labor must be applied to the lands. A sparse and barbarous people may live from the supply of the water and the precarious products of the chase, but when crowded the fruits of the land are the main dependence. Little does the soil produce in the temperate zone without labor.

The child, after it gains strength, as supplied by the hand of paternal love, goes out to gather its own food, to find that the land on which he must gain his support is occupied. He inquires by what right it is held by its owners, and is answered by deeds from the government. How did the government acquire the right? In Europe, by robber power; in the United States, by dispossessing the Indians. What is the government? The united people. Then the people own the land? Oh, no, the united people became personified and an independent power, and as such claimed the land and the right to sell it to those who wanted it, and by such sale to grant pre-eminence power and control over it. In other words, the public domain, which belonged to the whole nation, to every individual one as much as another, was parceled out among those who had the money to pay the small fee demanded, just as in Europe the land was divided among the red-handed chieftains according to their brutal courage.

If there is one proposition self evident and plain of comprehension, it is this: *The land belongs to those who use it.* Nature illustrates this law of use, and we may add as a corollary, the land belongs to the race which uses it to best advantage. Thus it required three or four thousand acres to supply food for a single Indian hunter. The European requires but a single acre or less. The former perishes; for the fiat is unchangeable, that the race must perish that wastes its opportunities. Labor has the right to so much of the land as it can individually use, not a rood more. Its title deed is written in bone and muscle, and was recorded before a written law was known. Whatever labor bestows to the land belongs to the laborer. If the laborer removes the forest from a tract of land, drains off the water, breaks the sod, and prepares it for productiveness, erects buildings and protecting fences, these added values belong to the laborer, and carry the possession of the land to which they belong with them. It must be held in mind, however, that this does not apply beyond what the individual can personally do. It does not apply to that which he may perform with paid labor, for this belongs to an entirely different system of financial ethics.

How remorseless and burdensome the unrighteous claim of the government has been, and what an "old man of the sea" it remains on the shoulders of the present, is fully comprehended only by the pioneer. It is not enough that he and his family braves the hardships of the wilderness and the loneliness of the frontier. Not enough that the primeval forest has to be cleared away with Herculean labor before a blade of corn can grow, or the tough prairie sod broken and mellowed by time; not enough that he breathe the deadly malaria generated in the decomposing soil, and is called to weep over many a grave of those gone down in this border

warfare with unkind nature—he finds that all the best lands are held by deeds granted by the government for scarcely the cost of surveying, to people, perhaps, living over the sea, and for the right to occupy are compelled to pay ten times the price received by the government. What that payment means the pioneer only can know. It is made with the sweat of the brow, with aching bone and weary muscle, with the drudgery of wife and children, with burning fevers, with the care and anxiety which gnaw away the sensibilities, the pleasure, the joy of living; with self-sacrifice; long days of labor, and tossing of sleepless nights; with woman's tears, and the heart's blood of manly courage.

The battle for an hundred years has been waged along the line where civilization's tide broke against forest and prairie, in its seething advance to the Pacific seas, and thickly strewn the vast expanse from ocean to ocean, as on some stormy contested battle-field are the graves of those who have perished, victims to the remorseless grasp a government, false to its people, gave a few to hold land, in defiance of human rights, against the many.

Let us not be understood as saying that labor can produce nothing except from the soil, or that all must till the soil for their bread. Our present civilization is complex. One tills the soil, and is enabled to grow far more than he can consume. Another prefers manufacturing, and others to make the transfers of commodities to the benefit of all concerned. These all add values, but in the end the raw material of the manufacturer as well as the farmer comes from the soil. The disregard of this primary right, the monopoly of the land, is the foundation of the enslavement of labor.

### Her Mental Counterpart Attracted by his Thought.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

Appropos to a request you made some time since in the LIGHT OF TRUTH for personal experiences of a psychical character, I submit the following:

In the fall of 1885 I visited a cousin in Minnesota, who left Ohio thirty-three years prior to this time with a wife and child. I now found four children—two sons and two daughters, all married, and all living within one and one-half miles of each other. They were all farming, and all "well to do" in a material way. Full of music and song, I told my cousin I congratulated him on his happy surroundings. But I was not there long until I saw a "skeleton in the house" of the older daughter. She soon seemed to cling to me as if I had a power to save her. Money or land-getting had been the idea with the father; and, too smart to accept orthodoxy, and knowing little of Spiritualism, it was as I told them. "Your black land and your black hogs take all your attention."

I saw that this daughter must have more and better things to think of or she was lost. I labored to present life in a better aspect than she had seen it, to make her see the hopes and helps of Spiritualism, both for this life and the life to come. She drank in my ideas as if they were the water of life that her famishing spirit needed.

At length the time came for me to leave; and here came in a mystery to me that I can't solve. I found a tie holding me to that little cousin, such as I never sensed before in a long life. It was not love, as usually understood; it seemed more and higher. It seemed as if a new life and a new power came to me; and it did, and it abides to the present. It was to me as if a baptism of love, and a great charity, and a new power, came to me—a power to work and to "endure all things." And all seemed needed; for upon my return home, and to the present, unlooked-for trials and labors came.

I have marveled that, at my age, I could "stand fast in the liberty wherewith truth hath made me free." I know of the powers of hell, embodied and disembodied. Do you know the power of Jesuitry? I do. But I stand to do battle, be it life or death. *Death is life.*

Was there some condition with this cousin that enabled spirit forces to get into my magnetism for a purpose, for needed work? We corresponded for two years, when she visited us. I seemed to have a peculiar inspiration in writing to this lady. The whole idea seemed to be to draw out and develop her spiritual nature. I rejoice to say that the results are most satisfactory. I recently received a letter from her which shows great growth and great improvement in the social or affectional conditions of the family.

Now, all this is a prelude, and will scarcely interest you. I come now to a statement of fact. About fifteen months after visiting this cousin I was writing a letter to her. The writing extended into the night season; my family had retired. At length the letter was completed. I sat back in my chair in a reverie of thought, and sensed a peculiar influence of uplifting and peace. And now my cousin seemed to be in the room. She seated herself beside me; I felt her side press against me as palpably and really as could have been if she had been there in proper person. Then she laid her right hand on my left shoulder. Nothing was said by her or me. I reasoned upon it at the time. I knew it was of the spirit, in some way; that it was sensed by my reason as of some peculiar condition on my part, and that it could continue only as this condition remained. I strove to be quiet, but of course I soon had to return to the world of external sense, when this sweet episode from the world of realities had to vanish.

Farmington, O.

### CONSISTENCY NOT IN IT.

When orthodoxy is invited to debate the ground it stands on, says the *Boston Investigator*, it parries the invitation with more skill than honor. A minister declines to discuss his faith, because "he can find no precedent for doing so in the life of Jesus." While it is commendable to conform to the life of Jesus, adds the same paper, it is strange that ministers do not emulate him in other things—remaining bachelors, for example, riding on asses instead of horses, preaching at reduced salaries or no salaries, etc., for it should be as consistent to follow him practically as to refuse to do certain reasonable things, because no precedent of the same is found in his life.

It is a wonder that such preachers ever ride in street-cars, travel by rail or accept European holiday trips. It will be difficult to find a precedent for so doing in the life of Jesus. Many other things that our preachers do, have no precedent in the life of him whom they profess to imitate, yet a debate is refused because Jesus didn't have reason to refuse one. There was simply no need for it in his time. Truth needs no defense and receives no challenge. Jesus preached a pure doctrine which everybody could accept. His vicars of to-day preach something entirely different—something unnatural and unreasonable—only which the ignorant and superstitious believe to the letter, while intelligent church people hold their own council and look upon the Church as a fear-inspiring institution to keep the ignorant in moral check, or as a social institution that helps business along.

It is not honest skepticism which mars the conditions at seances, but the skepticism born of pride or conceit, accompanied by involuntary contempt for the medium or the manifestations—such unloving, unsympathetic, unspiritual emotion of the human spirit throwing a chill over the medium or sensitive, and preventing the flow of magnetism from the same, which is necessary to enable the spirits present to manifest.

(Reported for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

### OCCULTISM PURE AND SIMPLE.

HERMANN HANDRICH.

If I would state that we, *id est*, myself and a few personal friends, received satisfactory proofs of genuine phenomena, I would express myself too mildly. Therefore I have to declare most emphatically that we obtained the most positive conviction of physical manifestations through invisible agencies of occult nature. This occurrence took place on March 30th, in the parlor of Mrs. Smith, at 362 Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The medium was Louise Thornton, an amiable and unassuming young lady, and dressmaker by trade. As *major domo* officiated the well known printer, W. S. Davis, of New York, who kindly procured the gracious consent of Mrs. Thornton to sit for us under test conditions, which were as to their execution entirely in our own hands.

To begin with, there was no self deception, when I carried the heavy bundle of laths and layers two flights up into the parlor, where I constructed a latticed partition which had to serve as a cabinet.

After the structure was covered on its sides with dark muslin, and a sliding curtain of the same stuff fastened in front of it, I asked two skeptical investigators to serve as managing committee.

Messrs. Gordon and Roth tied the medium securely with strips of muslin by each wrist, and then sewed the knots. Then they tied both her hands together behind her back, and led her inside the cabinet, where they tied her hands to the post, her feet to the framework, and a strip of muslin around her neck was fastened to the back of the cabinet. This was done in plain view of the small audience, consisting of six gentlemen and two ladies.

In parenthesis I wish to state that every article used was thoroughly examined by us. The post consisted of one solid piece of wood; the ring screw to which the muslin strips were fastened was likewise a solid, heavy, plain article; *i. e.*, none of "Chase \$25 double-jointed trick screw," and besides the room was lighted throughout the seance by two lamps.

After Mrs. Thornton was so thoroughly tied up that no one could doubt, without doubting his own existence, that she was unable to use her limbs, Mr. Davis placed a variety of musical instruments, including a tin horn, bells, tambourines, clappers, a mouth harmonica, etc., in her lap. As soon as the curtain hid her from our view, a whirlwind of discord and a charivari of the most deafening character broke loose, executed at one and the same time, by the use of all those instruments. Before the noise stopped, the curtain was cast aside, and the medium sat immovable as before. The bandages were found intact on examination by the committee, as soon as the curtain was cast aside.

I then took off my ring, of which I know that there is no duplicate, neither in this nor any other country, and pressed it between the tightly closed lips of the entranced medium. After one of my friends expressed his wish that the ring may be transferred to the left hand of the medium, the curtain was again drawn and in a few seconds again cast aside. The committee and myself, ready for examination, at once got behind her, and found my ring on the second joint of her left thumb, where it stuck so tight that it not without difficulty could be removed.

The next test consisted of placing my hat and a handkerchief on her lap. Both of these articles were found a few seconds afterwards on the head of Mrs. Thornton.

Now, Mr. Davis placed a tambourine in the medium's lap, and on that instrument a tumbler half filled with water. In the same short interval the tambourine laid on the floor, the empty glass in her lap, and every drop of water had disappeared without leaving a trace behind, not even the lips of the medium being moist.

Two common metal rings were now placed in my hat, and put on her lap. A moment later one of the rings was found between the medium's lips, whilst the other was found hanging over her ear.

Finally the ring and musical-instrument tests were repeated just as satisfactorily and successfully as at first.

After each phenomenon, the curtain was cast aside so quickly, or rather the manifestations occurred in such a short time, so immediately after the curtain was drawn, that it was impossible for the medium to have readjusted the bandages, even if she had been able to untie or undo them.

That no confederate could have penetrated in that small and lighted room in which I was (before the seance commenced) for quite a while alone, is to me an indisputable fact.

When the seance was concluded, Mrs. Thornton was released by the committee, and surrounded by those present, who witnessed how the bandages were cut, and that neither the knots nor stitches were removed.

After we were through with breaking up and laying the cabinet asunder, we left, being now convinced and confirmed as to the reality and genuineness of the phenomena, demonstrated by psychic forces, and produced under laws which are still of an occult nature, but notwithstanding a *factum est*.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

### PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

Excitement has ran high in Hamilton, Canada, during the past week in consequence of the presence of a phenomenal medium from Boston, a Mr. Briggs. He gave five seances, all of which were fully attended by ladies and gentlemen of every grade of society—the merchant, the banker, the minister, the doctor, the barrister, the electrician, the engineer, the tradesman, etc., were represented by one or more from their ranks. The phenomena produced was of the nature familiar to many in the States, such as independent slate-writing, the floating and playing of a violin and guitar in mid-air, the direct spirit voice, and the spirit touching the persons present in some manner or other.

At a seance given at Mr. Walrond's residence, one gentleman, a skeptic, brought a pocket-book, tied parcel wise, and which he placed under his feet, unseen by any one. The spirit of his sister wrote a message between the leaves of his pocket-book, while the medium's hands were held by another skeptical gentleman four or five sitters distant from the owner of the book. Some ten or twelve persons had messages written on their slates, luminous lights floated and moved in every direction, the violin or guitar floating and playing at the same time. One gentleman was asked to stand up and while the medium was held by a colonel who was present, his coat and waist-coat were unbuttoned, his collar and tie removed, a coin taken from his pocket and placed in his hand, and other phenomena took place of a nature astonishing to everyone.

Similar seances took place in the homes of Mr. Geo. Maddocks and Mr. Goodwin, and with the same success. The medium found many warm friends in this city, and should he return again he will meet with a hearty welcome. He purposes visiting Toronto, Guelph, London, and other Canadian cities.

G. W. WALROND.

It is said that favors done in the hopes of being able to have them returned, are worthless in a spiritual sense. But what of those *only* done because it is previously known that they can be returned?



Covetousness impoverishes the spirit in the same ratio that waste by intemperance does. It centralizes all the energy in the body, and when this dies it goes to the grave and the spirit is weakened by its loss.



















## NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, Continued.

## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

—Lyman C. Howe may be addressed at 26 Main Street, Watertown, N. Y.

—Mrs. Dr. L. H. Preston will conduct spiritual meetings at Lodge Hall, N. E. corner of 14th and Randolph Streets, commencing Sunday, April 24, at 2 p. m.

—A benefit seance for Mr. Archer will be given by the Union Society and local mediums on the second Wednesday in May at C. A. R. Hall.

—The Cleveland (Ohio) Spiritual Alliance holds regular Sunday evening meetings (free) at Army and Navy Hall at 7:30 p. m. Mrs. H. N. Lake permanent speaker. Everybody invited.—Thos. N. Black, Chairman.

—The Spiritual Society of occult science will meet at 115 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Sunday, May 1st, at 10:30 a. m., Rev. Dr. Carpenter, M. D. will speak, subject: "Evolution from a Spiritual Standpoint." All are invited. Seats free.

—Now that the last echoes of the anniversary are passing away, we may expect to hear the first notes of the camp-meetings resounding through the land, inviting Summer travelers to their various offerings.

—W. H. Prince, at present located in Washington, D. C., is our authorized agent at large to receive subscriptions, advertisements, etc. Any courtesies shown him will be duly appreciated by the publisher of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

—In addition to the scholarly article from Dr. J. R. Bachman on second page of this issue, we print a good likeness of the doctor, to be remembered as more in accord with the original than a former one which appeared in this paper.

—D. A. Herrick has removed from Kerr Street, to 117 E. Rich Street, Columbus, O. Brother Dell Herrick, as he is familiarly known, is doing good work for the cause, and finds a welcome wherever he goes. We wish him continued success.

—Brother Lyman C. Howe is doing good work at Watertown, N. Y. His lectures are always highly appreciated wherever he goes, as we call from correspondents. Mr. Howe is both a fluent speaker and writer, and has a practical mind with clear views on all subjects coming within his sphere of interest.

—W. H. Terry, editor and proprietor of the *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, Australia, intends visiting the World's Fair, and will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle on his journey around the world. The *Harbinger* is one of the best papers devoted to the cause, and we bespeak for Mr. Terry a cordial reception by the Spiritualists.

—"A Southern Subscriber" is herewith informed that the information given him through the psychograph is erroneous. Either the name spelled out was wrong—perhaps unintentionally made—or the spirit was teaching him a lesson in judgment, the moral of which will become apparent by the time he becomes an experienced Spiritualist.

—W. J. Colville, who is now lecturing on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays in Chicago, Ill., Thursdays in Muskegon, Mich., Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays in Grand Rapids, Mich., will return to Boston Sunday, May 7th, and will lecture in the Spiritual Temple, Foster and Newbury Streets, at 2:45 p. m., and also speak in Brittan Hall, Haverhill, Mass., the same evening. His course of lectures in Spiritual Science will open at 18 Huntington Avenue, Monday, May 8th, at 2:30 and 7:45 p. m. His present address is 477 West Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

—Mrs. Helen Fairchild is at present giving seances in Melbourne, Australia. She writes that she has met with the greatest kindness and respect, and everywhere the manifestations in consequence were remarkably good and beautiful. She also requests that her friends excuse her for not answering the numerous letters received—duties preventing. But she will return to the United States in June, and then endeavor to make good all her seeming neglect to the satisfaction of everybody. In the meantime we wish her undisturbed success, and trust that she will be spared to continue her good work for many years to come.

—It was rumored some weeks ago that Mr. George A. Bacon, who, for many years, has been the correspondent clerk of the Agricultural Department, would be transferred to another division, and his desk in the chief clerk's office be occupied by another. However, Chief Clerk MacCuaig has found Mr. Bacon to be a walking encyclopedia of department lore, and has decided that he does not care to do without him. This is very gratifying to those who have occasion to do business with Mr. Bacon, for his affable disposition and courteous manner have made him thousands of friends, and it is probable that his acquaintance among public men is wider than that of any other employee of the department.—*The Evening News*, Washington, D. C.

—Both services of the Union Society last Sunday were well attended, especially that of the evening, as it was known that Mr. Willard J. Hull was to speak on the subject of Spirit Materialization, and Mr. H. W. Archer gave tests after the lecture. In order to facilitate matters Mr. Hull did away with all preliminaries on this occasion, and took up his discourse immediately after the congregational singing, so as "not to tire the audience with too much talk," as he said, and even allowed his lecture to accommodate those who came principally to enjoy the phenomena. But despite the latter the discourse was perfect. Not only being of extreme interest to Spiritualists, but to investigators; for it embraced a clear and concise summary of the materialistic hypothesis on growth from the invisible to the visible—materialization from a materialistic standpoint. On this he based his argument, taking the Materialists' own postulation that all existing living matter arises from previous life conditions. Then he very neatly put in the spiritualistic theory of psychic force in such a manner that one could not be rejected without the other, and could now readily advance to the point aimed for—spirit materialization. He, however, stated in the introductory, that he asked no one to accept his conclusions, but only requested a hearing—that experience, after all, was the only true measure by which to gauge truth. But as Mr. Hull has a very practical way of presenting truth as he knows it, it is doubtful whether any but a willful scoffer could find objection to what was said, especially to those generally accepted phenomena, as clairvoyance, which would prove the seer to be behind the age of even his materialistic friends. This alone should form a basis for the skeptic to build on, though many prefer to believe in antique dreams than in modern facts concerning spiritual manifestations. He then cited the testimony of eminent scientists on the subject, among them Alfred Russel Wallace, and closed with an interesting account of his own experience with mediums Willis and Archer, of this city, with whom he had recent sittings. He also called attention to the various hypotheses that some of the present scientific investigators offered, but which were overthrown in the premises by the facts they tried to explain away—evidently offering them merely as an apology for investigating, though not disbelieving in the end. However, it is yet morning, said Mr. Hull, and Spiritualism is still to enjoy its noon. Light, life, and love are the divine graces with which man will some day conceive the wonders of law, and through the latter he will learn the truth of materialization. Loud applause greeted the speaker at the close.—After singing "Nearer My God To Thee" by the audience, Mr. Archer proceeded to give tests. The first was a message from a son to his mother; the second a statement from a suicide, giving data, and bringing consolation as to his condition to a relative in the audience; and the third was to point out a future materializing medium—a well known citizen and one who will stand firm to the truth when it once becomes a part of himself. About thirty were given in all to as many persons, but nearly fifty spirits manifested to these, and everyone recognized. One lady was given a vision of a team of horses running away, and about to crush a child, in which vision the recipient was seen to be the rescuer. She acknowledged this to be a spiritual reflection of a material fact happening about twenty years ago, and of which no one in the city knew, as she was but a stranger here, and had never spoken of the circumstance. One lady was told that she had a lock of hair on her person, brought there in the hope of receiving a test through it. This, too, was acknowledged as being correct. A gentleman was told of a letter he had in his pocket, containing a peculiar mark, and made for test purposes. After further explanation concerning the same, the gentleman publicly acknowledged the test as a very wonderful one. Such and others of a unique nature are the tests given by Mr. Archer, and many pronounce him the best medium of this class of phenomena they had ever seen.—Mr. Hull speaks again next Sunday morning and evening, and after the evening lecture Mr. Archer will again demonstrate the phenomena of Spirit-

—Cleveland, O.—The Spiritual Pioneer Truth Society will hold services every Sunday—inspirational lectures and platform tests, also spiritual discussion, at 374 Ontario Street (near the market), at 7:30 p. m. Everybody come. Seats free.

## Philadelphia, Pa.

The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary on Sunday, April 24th, at their hall, 913 Girard Avenue. The hall in which the services were held has a seating capacity of upwards of one thousand, and was crowded throughout the day. By request of our spirit friends the hall was decorated with the national colors, the rostrum being beautifully draped with the colors, and flanked with handsome palms and beautiful flowering plants of all kinds. Altogether the day was a success. Outside the sun shone in all its splendor, inside our angel loved ones shed their loving influence around, making us feel that it was indeed good to be there, and very many have testified to that fact, especially after listening to the discourse given through the organism of Mr. A. E. Tisdale, our lecturer.

Both morning and evening lectures were grand, carrying one upward in its flight, and showing us the need of banding ourselves together, each and everyone has his or her work to do in the grand universe, and it is for ourselves to say what it shall be, no person can take the responsibility of another upon themselves, it is our individual work, and I do hope that all who are Spiritualists will so live and think that these same influences will be felt, and will bear fruit, we have no time for trifling, it is the day wherein those who would have this glorious truth prosper must work. Spiritualism wants no drones in its ranks, it is the progressive thinker and worker who is needed, those who by their firmness and determination cut away the old roots of superstition, and in their place rear the beautiful emblem for which our forefathers suffered, the flag of our country, the flag which tells of the mighty struggles our brave men endured, the flag which every true American loves, and which no bigotry of the Catholic Church can ever compel us to lower.

The signing of the Declaration of Independence gives us the right which many would deny us from if they dared, namely: to think and act for ourselves in all matters, both spiritually and materially. Americans spurn the restriction of a national church; acknowledge no subservience to the divine right of kings; bows beneath no yoke of oppression. They submit to one power.

The control of the evening was Thomas Paine, the name is enough to tell what the discourse was. We made good use of our time, commencing at 9 o'clock a. m., with conference continuing until 10:30, when the speaker was introduced, at 1:30 lunch was served by ladies' aid, conference until 2:30, when the Lyceum took possession, and did credit both to themselves and their teachers. We are very proud of our Lyceum having some excellent talent. There were upwards of sixty of young folks sang and recited. The following are a few who took part, march with flags, and singing by the Lyceum: song, "White Sails in the Harbor," by Master Wallace Garlick, very nicely done considering he is only about seven years old; recitation by Albert Hitchens, "How an Angel Looks," recitation, "Little Jim," by Bertie Benner the young son of our president; recitation, "Little Dolls," by Mabel Jackson, showing great possibilities for the little one; "Milk Time," by Ida Smith, also by Leah Burkheimer a recitation, entitled "A Pope Hunting for a Home," which was received with a round of applause; song, "Go to Sleep my Little Baby," by Tillie Garlick, this child is only five years old, yet she is one of our brightest scholars; song by Nettie Hankerson, "Your Darling is not Sleeping," should have been heard to be appreciated, this child is only twelve years old and singing is her special forte, and in listening to her you can catch the radiant gleaming of the Summer land, she is without doubt a child of the angel world, being, I believe, controlled by some grand intelligence. I feel that Dr. G. A. Fuller can testify to this beautiful little singer, when he was with us at Christmas this child sang, "Only a thin veil between us," and certainly during the singing this veil was drawn aside and we were permitted to catch a glimpse of our future home. Recitation by Miss Emma M. Nutt, entitled "The Oracle," song by the Lyceum, "Beckoning Hands," duet by Misses Brown and Hankerson, "Life's Dream is O'er," song by Lyceum, "Hail, Hail this Happy Day," after which remarks by our conductor, Capt. Keffer, were made, then followed a reading by Mr. B. P. Benner, the president of our association and assistant conductor of our Lyceum, Mr. Benner also spoke very beautifully of those of our loved ones who had passed to the higher life during the year. I must not forget our quartette who gave some very fine singing during the day, the members were Mrs. and Miss Dungan, Mr. Smith and Frey; also we had some fine instrumental music through the kindness of Mrs. L. Vallette, a good woman, a noble Spiritualist. May another year find us still closer the heights to which we are aspiring.

While reading your paper it makes me feel pleased that from all around comes the communications, showing no matter how small the place our angel friends never forsake us, it is for ourselves only, to say when we shall be the conquerors of prejudice and superstition, we are getting there fast, friends, but remember! always keep the sentinels on duty, do not suppose because we are growing that we have no cause to watch, be on the alert, straws show which way the wind blows, and without a doubt if we (that is everyone who has the good of this grand truth at heart) work faithfully we will cause a cyclone to strike the props which are upholding old theology and it will be as a thing of the past.

O, where is our great heart, the valiant!  
A terrible warfare to wage  
On this old theological giant.  
The doubt and despair of this age  
Let us rise, one and all, when our leader shall call,  
And each for the conflict prepare:  
We will march round about that old castle of doubt,  
With our banner of light, on the air;  
And ere to its very foundation  
The stronghold of giant despair.

E. M. N.

## Cleveland, O.

As a Spiritualist, or Agnostic, the reader's respectful attention is earnestly called to the following proposal:

The time, we think, has arrived, when the cause of Spiritualism has become sufficiently popular to be self-supporting by voluntary contributions; and believing also, that the time has come when a permanent resident pastor, or speaker, in the city of Cleveland would be appreciated and hailed as a progressive step out of and beyond our present itinerancy system, by the many thousand Spiritualists and Liberalists of this city. It is therefore proposed by the recently organized Cleveland Spiritual Alliance (which has arisen, phoenix like, from the ashes of past efforts), to break away from the old plan of transient speakers, and admission fee, and adopt the methods spoken of.

To further this end free Sunday evening meetings are now being held in Army and Navy Hall, 126 Superior Street, and commencing Sunday, May 7, 1893, Mrs. H. S. Lake, one of the most distinguished of mediums and brilliant platform orators now proclaiming the "New Gospel" will be publicly installed as pastor of the Cleveland Spiritual Alliance.

In the new organization we hope to realize more effective public work; greater unity and steadfastness of purpose; more favorable conditions for spiritual culture, and greatly strengthen the bonds of sympathy and love between the speaker and her audience, and all tending to promote greater harmony and good fellowship among the numerous, but now divided Spiritualists of this city.

Friends of the cause please give this matter your careful and earnest consideration; do what you can individually and collectively, to help make this new enterprise successful, so that Spiritualism may occupy a more prominent and elevated position; a position commensurate with the grand truths this heaven-born philosophy gives to humanity.

THOS A. BLACK, Pres't.

No. 319 Huntington Street.

TECH MERRITT, 315 West Fifty-fourth-street, New York, has on sale at Carnegie Hall the LIGHT OF TRUTH, spiritual books, and papers.

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## Dubuque, Iowa.

The subjoined letter to the Dubuque (Ia) *Telegraph* referring to Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings' entertainment in that city for charitable purposes speaks for itself, and again illustrates the goodness most prominently which for convenience is named Christian Society.—[Ed.]

EDITOR *TELEGRAPH*: Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn—and, "oh, for the rarity of Christian charity"—these were the thoughts that entered my mind while attending the recitation by Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings at Liberty Hall last night. Here is a lady gifted with an eloquence and dramatic power second to none in this country, capable of entertaining the intellectual and cultured; a lady who is thoroughly imbued with her subject, the entertainment given for charitable purposes—half the gross receipts to be devoted for clothing the poor children who are willing but cannot attend Sunday-school on account of lack of suitable dress—as all must admit a very worthy object—and what do we find? Do we see the hall filled to overflowing with philanthropists? Do our preachers, our supposed leaders, where charity is concerned, tumble over each to gain admittance, Mr. Editor? None of these were there, and in fact they were all conspicuous by their absence. Our charity balls are annually attended by hundreds of the most fashionable and cultured class every year, some thousands of dollars, the proceeds of these dances and other like entertainments are sent to Bungalow, Zululani, or some other cannibal country, but there is no usefulness on this subject, it is as old as the hills.

The reason Mrs. Richings' magnificent recitation was not better attended by our leading people is found in the fact that she is a Spiritualist. Charity then is a sect, a creed, a certain religious dogma.

If Mrs. Richings would have produced her entertainment under the auspices of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, or other Christian Church, and the proceeds were advertised to be sent to some heathen country some thousands of miles away from here, no hall would be found large enough in this city to hold the crowd. "Oh, for the rarity of Christian charity!"

The Progressive Spiritualists Association are giving the people here a rich treat in the ministrations of the gifted Spiritualist and elocutionist, Helen Stuart Richings, which will result in much good to the cause. We find many warm-hearted, charitable people here in Dubuque, progressive thinkers, both in and out of the Churches, who in the evolution of things will make good Spiritualists in the not far distant future, and we hope to be instrumental in helping along this good work, not forgetting to reach out a helping hand to all who need aid and assistance, ever keeping in view the maxim of a great and good man, viz: "The world is my country, to do good my religion." We are working for our Children's Poor Fund and Liberal Sunday-school, but can not expect to imbue all with our enthusiasm at once, but earnestly hope before the season closes that our united efforts shall have brought comfort and happiness to many a heart. CORN.

## Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Thomas Glass writes: "A number of the old workers in the cause have banded together and thought it necessary and proper that there should be a spiritual meeting in Chicago more centrally located, where persons from all parts of city and country may reach it for one car fare, they have rented a hall at 116 Fifth Avenue, and will hold services every Sunday morning at 10:30. The object of the society will be to cultivate the higher truths of our beautiful philosophy and develop our mediums, especially to a higher plane of thought and understanding. We intend to hold a developing circle immediately after the lecture, and will procure the best talent as speakers. Our music must and shall correspond with the teachings of Spiritualism and not orthodox. For have not our spirit friends and others furnished us with the sublimest of poetry and music? We answer emphatically, yes. Then why are our managers of meetings so delinquent? We know their audiences would appreciate good, appropriate music, for we have had ample proof of it in our own experience. We hope in the future they will see to it and furnish their audiences with something new and inspiring, corresponding to the teachings of our spirit friends; and they should know it is as necessary to sing our sentiments as to speak them. In this respect our orthodox friends are in advance of Spiritualists. We are sorry to admit it, but facts are stubborn things. Let us have poetry and music that will carry us for the time beyond and above our present environments. Music has a power we cannot afford to ignore. It is recorded of Napoleon that he said: "When he heard the notes of the bugle he felt there was nothing too difficult for him to accomplish." Then we say, let us have the best and plenty of it. You and your readers, I know, will pardon me for having said so much in reference to music, for I feel its power.

We cordially invite all in our city and those who come to the World's Fair to give us a call at 116 Fifth Avenue, and we know you will be welcome and well pleased. This organization will be known as the Spiritual Society of Occult Science. Its officers are: Dr. G. W. Carpenter, President; H. O. L. Skinner and Mrs. R. C. Clarke, Vice Presidents; J. H. Guttridge, Secretary; Mrs. H. F. Spalding, Treasurer; and Prof. Thos. G. Glass, Musical Director.

## Notes by Mrs. M. C. Lyman.

Dear Readers: It is a pleasure to contribute a few thoughts from time to time as promptings from the standpoint of earnest labor in the fields of progress. Truth is mighty, and must in good time triumph over all error. Tongues prone to falsehood, and hands on erring missions, in time will be silent, yes, forever; for the truth is eternal wisdom and love, and its mission is to convert every soul to the elevated planes of justice. That each will reap what they have sown is daily being proved. If on the broad fields of jealousy it returns with its heavy, garnered sheaves, a burdened, broken heart and broken life, with afflictions many. To the sunny, hopeful, trusting heart comes a harvest of love, a soul spraying a living fountain of joy and peace to self, and all that stand in radius of that ever-increasing power, that blesses whomsoever lives within its circle. Through the month of January I spoke under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga, N. Y. There is much inquiry among the people at this favorable summer resort, although it was in an unpromising season of the year to infuse the minds as readily as when at its zenith with crowded visitors. In February I again visited Waverly, N. Y. From there I went to Trenton, N. J., lecturing for the First Society of Spiritualists of that city twice each Sunday during the month of March. They held their anniversary celebration of Modern Spiritualism on the 26th of March; fine intelligent audiences greeted your correspondent as lecturer at each session. Complementary resolutions were unanimously adopted in behalf of our guides and self, which moved and caused tears of gratitude to reveal themselves; unbidden by us, they would steal from their hiding place. Sunday, April 23, at Waverly, N. Y., again, the fourth visit since last October, at 2:30 p. m., Memorial Service, subject "Our Arisen Friends," evening, Forty-Fifth Anniversary Address: Monday evening, subject, "Needs of the Times." Warm greetings inspire us all; this is what one finds at Waverly. April 16th and 23d I occupied the rostrum at Worcester, Mass.

## New Orleans, La.

Wm. Brodie, Secretary, writes: The Association of Spiritualists is indeed fortunate in having as its speaker this month Prof. H. D. Barrett, of Lily Dale, N. Y. The gentleman commands close attention from intelligent audiences, and never tires them with long discourses, but has learned the secret of "boiling down," so often heard from editors. We venture the prediction that before very long he will take one of the first places on the spiritual rostrum.

Thanks to the angel friends who know our needs for sending Capt. H. B. Brown, of Salem, Oregon, into our midst. Some years ago Capt. Brown lectured in this city, but has since been in the Unitarian ministry, leaving that field of labor broken down in health, he is fast recuperating in our much loved city.

In a few days we have to say adieu to Bro. A. C. Ladd, of Atlanta, who has been here since November last. He has not been idle, as the subscription list of the LIGHT OF TRUTH can testify.

Ex Senator Warren Smith, of Tennessee, will occupy the platform during May, and it is the intention to keep the hall open all Summer as usual.

Many new people are beginning to investigate and are convinced of the truth of our claims, and taking an active part in the work. A spirit of inquiry is also abroad where formerly sneers and jibes were prevalent in the workshops.

Lately we have been getting a better class of mediums here, not so much after the dollar as the principal aim and object. Many so-called mediums who regularly appeared in this congenial clime during the Winter now find the pasture gone, and have to seek some other green fields.

Resolutions were adopted commemorative of Dr. J. W. Allen, recently passed over, and printed in handsome style suitable for framing, undersigned by the following committee: Geo. P. Benson, A. C. Ladd, Mrs. E. F. Husted, Mrs. Augusta Ketterer, J. H. Massie, John Abbott.

## NOTES FROM ALL POINTS.

Buffalo, N. Y.—We are blessed with crowds at our hall each Sunday afternoon and evening, to listen with rapt attention to Mrs. Celia M. Nickerson, who is a fine lecturer and a good test medium. Societies west of Buffalo can rest assured that it will pay them to engage her for the coming season, for she will not disappoint them, for we know that she came to us a stranger and has done well for us.—W. J. Dennis.

La Crosse, Wis.—The Spiritual cause in La Crosse is a little dull, as we have neither society nor speaker at present, but I have rendered myself useful in delivering parlor lectures nearly every Sunday evening. These are beginning to awaken an interest, and we hope soon to develop up into an organized society. What we want is a good test medium. Will some one correspond with me, 1230 Ferry street, La Crosse, Wis.—Dr. T. J. Cile.

Montpelier, Ind.—I only wish to say that our cause here is moving, but slowly. The Church, the devil, and the dollar have the best of it; and I don't know a better point for them to establish headquarters. It would be a grand place for a first class platform test medium and speaker. There is enough of us to have what we want, but the money is made slowly; all are working for the dollar. Why is it that after some become established in the truth of spirit return, they so often become drones in the hive?—Dr. S. A. Thomas.

Springfield, Mass.—Great interest in drawing the people, especially strangers, to the meetings of the Spiritualists this month. Every Sunday the hall is filled to hear Mrs. Carrie Twing on such themes as "How much did he leave?" "Who helps and who hinders?" "What shall we do in heaven?" etc. Sunday, the 23d, she lectured on "Was Jesus a Spiritualist?" and duplicated the eloquence and lofty ethics of the high water mark discourse of Sunday evening, the 16th, on "What shall we do in heaven?" Her Tuesday evening services are sought by inquirers in large numbers. She closes her engagement here the 30th, and will then speak in Buffalo, N. Y., in May. Edgar W. Emerson gave a test seance here on Thursday, the 20th. W. F. Peck will speak here in May. He will be welcomed back by everybody.—H. A. Badington.

## Williamsport, Pa.

It would hardly be possible to overestimate the "power for good" that was brought to our little, weak, and struggling society in the person of one of the oldest and ablest of the spiritual teachers, Lyman C. Howe, who came to it at a time when, it would seem, it needed his gentle, yet earnest and impressive ministrations to save it from utter collapse. His presence with us called out new recruits to aid our faltering forces, and now we feel on a surer foundation than ever before since we tried to organize. We hope soon to be able to report marked progress, and a few more meetings during the coming season. L. R. C.

## The Cause in Watertown, N. Y.

Since my engagement here two years ago the two societies have become one; the Temple is the spiritual rendezvous, and much good has been accomplished. Bishop A. Beak, R. M. Kneeshaw, Mrs. Tillie Reynolds, Mrs. Emma Miner, Mrs. Celia Nickerson, J. Frank Baxter, Mrs. Ada Poye, Carrie E. & Twing, and F. A. Wiggins, have each done valuable service to the cause in Watertown.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis, whose faith and money built the Temple, are feeble, and looking toward the bright shores that beckon them where they will meet their reward, and share the benefits of all the good they have done. Bro. P. N. Fitch is the right man in the right place, right in all places, ever helpful to all worthy enterprise and to those who try to help themselves. He illustrates the spiritual philosophy and philanthropy in his daily life; is always a friend to the friendless, a strength to the weak, and a gospel of good cheer to all.

Mr. F. Mattison is a pillar in the Church of Two Worlds, and his family—including a son and wife—all unite in harmony to make a home for mediums and speakers, a home of rest, and a healing of spirit. Bro. Moore, one of the strong supports, recently passed to his reward, leaving a great void on the matter side of life. Mr. White is faithful and devoted, and his influence reaches for the good in all. He is an ardent Prohibitionist, but more generous and tolerant than many. In his companion the cause is made strong by union.

Carrie E. S. Twing is a great favorite here, and Mrs. Poye leads the list of test wonders. Each worker has done well in his way (or her way), and all are members of the common church of life and love. Yours for the cause, LYMAN C. HOWE.

## Quincy, Iowa.

On the evening of April 2, 1893, the pleasant parlors of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Skinner were filled with an appreciative audience who listened to a discourse given by the guides of Mrs. A. L. Lull, the occasion being the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

We have been holding circles twice a week for eighteen months for the development of the various phases of mediumship, and our efforts have been crowned with marked success. Mrs. Lull, of Lawrence, Kansas, is the first speaker we have had, her lectures and improvised poems are all what could be desired even by the most fastidious, also her psychometric readings and tests are remarkably correct. EMMA SKINNER.

## OBITUARY.

Born to the spirit in Jefferson, Ohio, April 13, 1893, Mrs. Angelia Stanley Wolcott, aged sixty-nine years. Mrs. Wolcott was a pioneer Spiritualist. She was also a member of the Order of Rebecca, who took part in the funeral services. Our departed sister was truly a pure and noble woman, and exemplified the life of a true Spiritualist. The writer officiated as speaker at the funeral.

MRS. CARRIE C. VAN DUZER.

Good Brother Francis S. Maynard, of Hoboken and New York, has grown weary of the toils, strifes, and battles, weary of the mortal, with its ills and sorrows, and entered rest. He has gone from the mortal to the immortal joys, the pains and penalties of life to reap the rich reward of well done. Good deeds accomplished, a life of long, of noble, true service, and his work of love and deeds of kindness follow him, making up his account above rich with blessings earned, a reckoning full and just.

After a long, wearisome illness his spirit passed peacefully away Wednesday evening, at 6 o'clock, at his earthly habitation in Hoboken, to be welcomed in the summer-land by angel bands. His funeral took place Saturday from the residence of Mrs. Stevens, at Hoboken, N. J. Brother Maynard has been for many years a good and true example of the higher and more spiritual philosophy. An earnest, honored believer and a good, true man at home and in business, and always giving his efforts to make and promote the cause of Spiritualism. For many years past he was one of the trustees of the First Society of Spiritualists of New York, and was also one of the promoters and one of the trustees of the Rev. T. B. Stryker's beautiful Church of Humanity. He aided for two Summers to carry on the large tent meetings at Baltus Rool Hill, in New Jersey, near Summit. As a father he was honored, as a business man he was well known and respected, and his word was as good as his bond. We believe that he is now passed to the higher and happier realization of spirit life and the result of many good deeds accomplished, and so many acts of love and kindness performed for humanity. And thus he must reap a sure, rich reward, and enter into the blessedness of the hereafter with everlasting progress towards perfection. SYLVANUS LYON.

C. C. Kiddle, of Dubuque, Iowa, passed to spirit life March 18th. He was an earnest Spiritualist and respected and esteemed by all who knew him, and many an eye will dim with tears reading these lines when memory takes the reader back to the last time they saw this dear old veteran in our cause singing:

We are coming, Sister Mary,  
We are coming by and by,  
We are coming, Sister Mary,  
And the time is drawing nigh.

## W. J. COLVILLE

Will deliver two lectures daily during the session of Summer School of Psychic Science at Lily Dale, N. Y., commencing Wednesday, June 1, 1893. He will speak daily at 2 p. m., also on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 10 a. m., and on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30 p. m. From June 7th to July 5th complete course of twelve lectures will be given on the Spiritual Science of Health, Sacred Anthology, and Spiritual Cosmogony or Man's Relation to the Universe. From July 5th to 20th on Spiritual Teachings or the World's Great Poets and Authors. Psychometry, and second course on Spiritual Science of Health.

Terms—\$2 for any course of twelve lectures, or \$1 for two tickets admitting to twelve lectures each or twenty-four in all. Visitors' single lecture tickets, 25 cents. Questions from the audience will always be in order at the close of the lecture if they pertain to the topic under consideration.

W. J. Colville will speak in the auditorium on Sundays, June 18th, 19th, and 26th at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Mrs. Lull and W. J. Colville will lecture on Sundays, July 2d, 9th, and 16th. W. J. Colville and Mrs. J. R. Jackson July 23d. Prof. H. D. Barrett, of New York, who is a Paris and Berlin graduate, has been secured as pianist and organist for the summer school. He will also take pupils and give recitals.